

Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain







# RAIN

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### *Near Dawn Some Time*

*After I'm gone,  
one eye with its film, one leg with its pain,  
I'll still jog along inside the rain.  
Already I'm older than my mother or father,  
and I follow a river more strange than water.  
A policeman asks if I'm lost this night -  
why am I here in this dim first light?  
I try to tell him why I have to run -  
he's lost, he can't feel it, and I can't explain.  
I jog on inside the rain.*

*William Stafford (1914-1993)  
- in memoriam*

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PART ONE  
DEBBIE BARENDSE

It's possible to be a poet

It's possible to be a poet  
and still raise a child,  
though there's no stability in it.

You feed her stanzas for breakfast,  
watching her crunch through some  
and leave others sogging in the bowl.

You clothe her in similes  
and metaphors,  
draping them like silken and linen threads  
over her smooth, white body.

You house her with words  
no fire can burn down.

And your pen guides her  
through all the days  
of her life.

## POLLY BUCKINGHAM

### Thinking About Annie Grey

I am in love with Annie Grey.  
I sit above the fish hole  
ninety miles off shore  
playing a four string banjo  
upside down  
at the night.  
I go exploring, I see  
fog laying over the water,  
its white reflection  
dull and soft,  
Annie Grey, yellow early night  
in the shutters,  
sea lions sleeping on buoys,  
Annie Grey wiping hair from my eyes,  
in a huge open cave mouth  
water breaks through the back wall  
floods onto the beach  
into the sky,  
large seabirds,  
all of Annie Grey,  
water that goes on forever.

Waving To Cows

I drive.

Snow-topped mountains of Baker County  
flatten along the horizon.

Here, fireflies light evening.

Time blends in mirages.

Mama picked me up  
and we danced to Patsy Cline's "Back In Baby's Arms"  
on a Dallas night  
with cicadas for the accompaniment.  
My brother came home from the nursery,  
earth smell on his skin.

The phone lines in mile post rhythm,  
"I Fall To Pieces" plays.  
Sounds of Texas come back.

The man walks through his farm land with two dogs,  
like spots in the sun.  
Spaces of mind appear in muddy fields,  
before the planting.  
Hunched-over farmers look up,  
for more rain,  
as I drive along, waving to cows.



CAROLYN DUNN

Blankets

My house is filled  
with the blankets my mother has made for me.  
Quilts in maypole pastel streamers  
on fresh white, or blue seapools  
of anemones. And large knitted covers  
like shawls that never stop  
shape to all my body.  
Thousands of miles away,  
and years after my childhood,  
she wants to shut the cold away from me  
and cover the raw places of  
this living with washes of color  
that seem endless in their plenteous folds.

Die Lorelei

My father,  
who, like all of us,  
would rather have  
    struck out for the  
territories,  
    instead has  
    not shied away from  
paychecks,  
    risks, moves,  
houseplans,  
sewer boards, civic  
meetings, protests,  
letters to free the  
    tortured, exhort  
sanity, ban guns...

    who wants people  
to sing with and  
can so seldom find  
them, except in dreams.

## K.C. KILLINGSWORTH

### The bourbon anniversary

grandpa the great was a conspicuous  
no-show at his only son's  
anniversary. 30 years  
of marriage and the  
groom's father  
stayed home drunk.  
nobody said a thing out loud  
to my father of course  
but with all our faces  
we said  
sad.

three days before, grandpa the great  
had driven the length of I.a.  
to check out the reception hall  
then two days before the catering  
and one day before something else  
but on that saturday he had  
a bender.

in a new twist  
sunday my father  
lined all us kids up  
at grandpa's doorstep  
to embarrass him  
into sobriety.



his nose was bent and bleeding  
from where he'd fallen  
and his laugh came with coughing fire.  
he balanced on his Naugahyde  
lounger and burped and  
laughed and sweated whiskey.  
and we, the kids,  
we acted to his drink  
in our own precise ways,  
sandi zipping around like  
nothing was the matter,  
throwing her kids  
into grandpa's old lap,  
monte indignant  
because he was older and sort of  
understood  
and the younger ones of us  
standing back  
pressed against our parents  
watching the legend, watching  
it drain right there onto the floor.

## K.C. KILLINGSWORTH

### grandpa asked my dad

grandpa asked my dad to take fumiko in  
after he died.

what with her speech impediment and no  
clue about money she couldn't start to take  
care of herself

and the only other people they knew  
were the ones in the apartments.

understanding that she didn't like  
oregon or even know what it was,  
my father said no thanks.

this, after he had thought about  
it, being the only request of the old man  
who had spent 57 years kicking himself  
over his first and only real wife,  
my grandmother,

who died on a Hot Springs operating table  
because he didn't have a job or money  
to take her to Dallas  
or even Little Rock  
where they had real doctors.

grandpa had taken fumiko in to get her  
off the streets.

she threw water on the fire in his soul.  
he could understand her gibberish, after a while;  
she put up with his drinking, after a while.  
a symbiotic love affair, i guess.

as far as i know she's still sewing  
for nickels in north hollywood,  
taken care of by those apartment people.

Liberty at the Navy Base  
1943

Could I recognize him  
in the sea of round, white hats  
surging towards me?  
Waves of white and blue bobbed  
up and down, splashing  
on the shore of the visitors building  
where I stood.

Outside.

Each wave crashed beside me,  
then disappeared into  
the forever.

Another quickly took its place,  
energized, always moving.

Suddenly he appeared in the surf,  
riding high, Navy blue uniform,  
round, white hat  
coming closer, smiling.

My love.



## ANNE SPLANE PHILLIPS

### All Things

Hugging close by the red rocks  
That loom in our private desert, and  
thirsting to meet and kiss again, shy  
and careful now in our great surprise,  
we eye each other with new belief  
and seek to find love once more.

You were gone for good I had thought  
as all things important to me  
have seemed to go or disappear,  
ruining my heart with tough despair  
that bites like a dog at my throat, and  
makes of me an abandoned place.

But now you are alive in my arms.  
We hold fast as the wavering light  
of day dies and gives way to lanterns  
of night from tough desert skies  
That do not weaken nor let us go,  
nor, will we, who have been found.

**Another Full Moon**

Wednesday morning, another full moon hangs  
at the Pacific rim. I wind along Hwy. 101  
and behind the clouds a pink haze unfolds  
its petals. At the junction I drive north  
into fog. I remember your breath against  
my neck. Rounding Deadman's Curve, I turn  
on headlights. Your eyes still hold me  
like the car speeding south. Neon signs:  
Union 76, Bell Buoy Crabs. The unsureness,  
ice on the road, I want to say flutter,  
new wings. I want to say look at the opening  
carved by this full moon. That what could not  
be said, what was placed beneath the pillow  
and forgotten all those moons ago, that  
I hear the ripening of the heart.

TIM HURD

Crows

What  
she talked about  
when  
she arrived  
off the plane  
from Seattle.

Then I heard them  
saw them  
felt them  
everywhere.  
Raucous.  
Laughing.  
Flying sideways  
off course  
to her course.

In the trees.  
Beside the road.  
Everywhere.  
Telling her story.



They  
I say  
are like anything  
you look for.  
Like slug-bugs.  
Like roadside blackberries  
during picking season.  
Like anything you ever look for  
gone when you need it.  
It's there  
she says  
always.

Then  
she gets back  
on the plane.  
I look  
for my car.  
The one with the crow  
scratching on the hood.

It's the longest time  
I've spent  
eye to eye with a bird.  
Eye to eye  
from a distance.  
Staring  
straight into the eyes  
of my question,  
still looking at the answer.

DORENE SCHMITZ

### Going Home

Miserable calmness  
storm would be a comfort.  
Nothing settles this restlessness  
I sit, listening to myself breathe  
no other sound makes me feel  
more alone.

My mind drifts, searching  
and finds him.  
He sleeps, knowing I am comforted,  
quiet breathing  
two fold.  
Soothing calmness  
so close  
miles apart.

Even Far Away

Even far away, you come to me like blue sky cracking  
through an overlay of clouds, haze on the horizon.  
This early morning drive to Astoria, you, somewhere  
south, bend your back into the morning and  
lift what needs to be lifted, the muscles  
on your forearm strain against the pressure,  
your fingers curl. It is the body of you  
that will not leave me. The smell  
of your skin against mine. As I say these words,  
the hidden river where you hide threatens  
to flood. Here, tucked beneath  
the twelfth rib, your heart beats in a dark cavity  
beside mine. I hold on and on and on.  
You hover over my horizon like a lost star, your face  
haunts my morning dreams when your fingers curl  
around mine. Even far away you are here like winter rain,  
the trail over Tillamook Head, fields we scoured  
for mushrooms, the Nehalem where you trolled for steelhead.  
I hold a vigil with the sky, touching the skin of your  
return, my hand grips the shoulder you left behind.

Sharp as glass  
these voices  
rise out of knotted stomachs  
the ones left  
here on the dunes of pain  
islanded in their grief  
by their loved ones  
shoving off to some place  
where circuits in the brain  
have long since  
battened down  
creaking open  
like Dutch doors  
only often enough  
to give hope that  
someone we love  
still lives  
in this body  
tied in the wheelchair  
strapped in bed  
pampered on the bottom  
with plastic pockets of colostomies  
wired around their waists,  
these people wandering off  
down hallways  
riding the handrails up and down  
this space for rent  
("No parking  
no parking," he says)  
and the awkwardness  
of the brain gone vacant  
while the body carries on.

"Office hours--  
how many bumpers do we have today?"  
Daddy questions.



"Onetwothreefourfivesixseven  
that's right, that's right,  
no parking  
no parking," he adds  
into conversations ongoing  
with daughters in the room.

This restless energy  
is not quite ready to park yet--  
("Is that the highway out there?"  
Olive asks. "Is that the ocean  
past the trees? I'm tired  
of this place, tired  
of this place--I'm going to  
Portland--  
on Wednesday!")  
waiting for ones  
who don't come.

And Daddy, here,  
wrapped in his daughter's  
love and prayers  
sons, two,  
and wife, children,  
seven in all  
feeding him  
spoonful by spoonful  
photograph by photograph  
of the Arizona Highways  
pulling him back from the brink  
of leaning against the wall  
alone in the dining room.

"No parking.  
No parking," he reads, counting  
the children again,  
"onetwo three  
four five six  
seven."

DEBBIE BARENDSE

### When Your Mother Dies

You cannot go home again.  
Someone else lives there,  
though it's only been a month.

You no longer want a fold-out, futon couch  
or brick and board bookcases  
that can't be dusted.  
You want real things.  
Whole things.

You inherit certain legacies-  
the antique, oak table,  
the big, blue mixing bowl.  
You eat dinner at the table.  
You try to bake bread.

You still pick up the phone sometimes.  
Even dial the intimate numbers  
before you realize.

And you hang her fuchsias  
remembering to water them each day,  
watching the water drip from  
the hanging buckets-  
forming a puddle at your feet  
and slowly  
drying into the sun.

ANNE SPLANE PHILLIPS

Circadian

Things get buried,  
sold or lost. People, houses, thoughts.  
But

empty houses stay alive  
encoded messages are imprinted  
in the walls - to flake off  
and float out into the room. Feeling.

Treaded yards speak from grass  
whose roots remember, still, generations.

Notes in margins of tattered  
recipe books, words - to help the cook,  
one woman to another, create. Surviving.

The layout of the rooms a map  
outlining the way they hoped life would go.

What is found there does  
not translate  
can't be carried over  
like other things - like the recipe  
books, my grandmother's, my mother's,  
and now mine.

## PART TWO

### ARCHIE BUCHANAN

#### A for Almorta, a country old

A for Almorta, a country old.  
B for Bellon, its king who loved gold.  
C for crown, with one big jewel.  
D for Donkey, Bellon's court fool.  
E for an enemy, with designs on the crown.  
F for his followers, two crept through the town.  
G for the guard, out walking his rounds.  
H for the hole, into the castle grounds.  
I for Igor, caught by the guard.  
J for the jail, with walls thick and hard.  
K for the knowledge, the king knew of Igor.  
L for the law that was broken by four.  
M for the menace, three unknown and uncaught.  
N for the note, a part of their plot.  
O for an owl, hooting with fright.  
P for the padlock, broken at night.  
Q for the queen, she loved the court fool.  
R for the reason, she was only his tool.  
S for the signal, the note told the hour.  
T for the taste the Fool had for power.  
U for an urn, poison carried by a knave.  
V for the victim, the king went to his grave.  
W for the water, where he went with a weight.  
X marks the spot, he wasn't that great.  
Y for yes, gold is some men's only song.  
Z for the zoo in which they belong.



MICHAEL ROY JACKSON, JERRY LOFQUIST

Good News, Bad News, Light to Dark

First take a photon, wiggly lively lump of light.  
Show it, share it, grin and bear it,  
Shake it, send it everywhere.  
The more the bounce we give the ounce,  
The more the light we have in sight.

Unwelcomed photon is absorbed and drowned in night.  
It's slowed, it's stalled, it's stymied, stopped  
Until it's still; and still, it dies.  
So that dark light's transparent now  
In death, in shadow still, not bright.

Little green fat guy hypothesizing weather

Little green fat guy hypothesizing weather  
Sparky, quipping sports guy putting clash together  
Muggings, shootings, carrion in bilious display  
Carry on bubble-chatter crew and wipe it all away.

Zingy little questioner may jeopardize esteem  
Tid-info here, bit-datum there, wasteland in between.  
Inspiration bottled up, pent up in one's head.  
Fascination throttled up, bent up in one's bed.

Handy little motion saver lets one flick and view  
But cannot, it seems, facilitate  
the changing of the hue.

JOHN A. SOLHEIM

Ode To A Freshly Painted Ceiling

Oh ceiling painted  
Lustrous white  
My eyes can barely  
Stand the light  
Reflecting from.  
Your surface bright  
It's good that when  
I sleep at night  
Your beaming face  
Is out of sight  
Lest I awaken  
Full of fright  
And fear I left  
Turned on a light  
And search for switch  
With all my might  
And finding none  
To dim your bright  
And shining surface  
Freshly white  
Do think, "Alas,  
'Tis such a night,  
I wish I'd chosen blue."

More Rain

Up with my umbrella  
the rain is coming down  
it's starting to flood  
I hope I don't drown  
I see a row boat  
hanging on Mr. Olson's barn  
I think I'll walk closer  
the boat is nailed, oh darn.  
I guess it's there for show and tell  
Mr. Olson didn't know  
it would rain like hell.

## STEVE CLEVELAND

### Relations Among Living Things

Breakfast. Outside the window,  
green fields. I take my tray  
to the table. Two men with the faces  
of boys sit down, one on each side of me,  
and look intently into my face.  
They do not have trays. The man  
on my right smiles, strokes my hand.  
You are going to eat with us,  
he says. I say Sure, though they do not  
have trays. I begin to eat. They  
look intently into my face. And now,

suddenly, there is a girl lying on the  
table, naked and covered with black  
bristles. She is smiling. I stare  
at her, as I eat my scrambled eggs,  
and then I stop eating. Tentatively  
I reach out one hand and touch her.  
She smiles at me, she permits my  
caresses, but she is not aroused, not  
at all aroused. She wants the man  
on my right, who I notice is now  
stroking the thick black hair of her vulva.  
I notice there is now thick black hair  
on the man's face. Outside the window,

two male dogs couple. I turn to watch.  
As the mounted dog is entered,  
a sharp stream of piss escapes him,  
and he cries out. The other dog thrusts  
and thrusts. The girl and the man  
lie together now on the table. I sit  
with my tray in front of me, and  
the boy-faced man beside me,  
and outside the window the wind moves  
in the fields of thick grass.

Phoenix Moment

Ninth floor  
in a hotel  
smoking  
thinking of two  
women  
I've kissed today  
time passes  
brain cells die  
and I wonder  
if perhaps I can fly



## ARCHIE BUCHANAN

### I came upon a man

I came upon a man,  
He was standing there, without moving,  
on his head.

His hair flowed down,  
down into the ground,  
and nurtured there.  
Roots grew from hair.

Hair, turned into roots, finding new life  
within the earth, sending energy back into the  
body of the man who stood on his head.

How long had he stood this way when I  
came upon him with his feet in the air?  
I asked him, "Sir, how do you move about;  
with your feet in the air  
and your roots grown from hair?"

He looked at me and he frowned a bit,  
(Remember, a frown is just a smile turned upside down)  
before he replied,  
"I move my feet slowly and I walk on  
the sky."

PART THREE  
SUSAN HOLWAY

Goldendale

She wants for a long time  
to come to Goldendale  
hearing about it  
how great it is  
how perfect  
so close  
to see all  
to sense everlasting  
to know  
Good.

A long day at the Ponderosa  
smells like cigars  
and the man says  
he can find the trouble  
which he does  
and they do  
and it does.

God, you're testing me  
she says,  
I so want to see it  
so off they go early  
just up the hill  
within walking distance  
the only ones for a long time  
till another comes  
watching the sunset  
and dusk together  
wondering all alone  
if they have the wrong night.

At one minute to time  
he pulls up  
opens the doors  
and gates  
to let them in.

They follow him in  
dark  
and sit  
such a small crowd.  
Before he begins  
children come by busloads  
noisy, happy  
boisterous children  
(See, there is a God!)

Some push ahead  
but her tears  
convince him to  
let her go first so  
after all she  
gets to see just one  
lone one only,  
one bright shining  
like morning glory  
when she comes  
to her turn.

He says, "Yeah? Only one?  
I don't see what  
the big deal is."

## CLIFFORD D. JOHNSON

Later the others tease her,  
"You only see ONE?  
We see a whole -  
the entire glory  
going up and down,  
angels, too,  
because He blesses.  
His true."

Months later a heavy fog hangs over  
and he has an unlisted number -  
he is taking off the day  
locking the gates  
as we drive up to look.

### Black Iron Masters

So it's back to the anvil and heat.  
The mighty hammer ringing its beat.  
No time for a pipe, when the heat is right.  
It's back to the anvil and heat.  
In rhythms born centuries old,  
of black iron drawn until cold.  
By hammer. By hand.  
History has told,  
of Smithies, of Wrights,  
of the Masters of old.  
By hammer, by hand, by anvil, by heat.  
New masters are ringing  
this century's beat.

RAE MARIE ZIMMERLING

Tsunami

This morning is  
a person in  
a grey coat, walking  
alone.

The houses hold their secrets  
like vessels holding cargo,  
moored in silence.

Here.....there,  
a spill of lamplight  
signals

life aboard while  
unobserved, advancing fog  
gains soundless speed and  
claims them.

one by  
one.



From Discord to Harmony

Whipped into whitecaps  
The lake's water washed  
Over our bow  
Forcing our frail craft  
Off course as we sought  
Sheltered moorage.

Still this blue lake  
Shows resolve  
When winds subside.

Now the quiet lake  
Mirrors sky and trees.  
Bright fish surface  
Sending water rings  
To shore where ducks feed  
Among cattails.

## RUSSEL HUNTER

### It's Not Much

It's not much  
this dead mole  
at the road's edge  
covered with fine shiny fur  
two shovels for front legs  
its tiny eyes now dull  
and the nose, that pink snout  
that smelled and felt  
and saw everything in  
the dark world it lived  
the tail, not much, maybe  
an afterthought  
or just left over from  
another design  
what brought it from  
its earthen world?  
I can only guess  
by now microbes  
have started to  
disassemble it  
the ants and beetles are  
carrying away the parts  
if you look closely though  
very closely beyond them  
you'll see the inner workings  
of this tiny creature  
are the same stuff that  
fuels the stars  
it's just of a different order.

topography

i climbed onto my nearest ridge  
and looked back upon myself

before me lies  
my topography:  
tree strewn  
undulations of land  
ribbons of water  
habitations  
of my kind

i hear a distant hammer  
there is nothing new  
in yesterday  
is this a shoring up  
of lost memories?

dogs bark  
they call out  
my name  
in languages i  
have long forgot

behind me  
the darkness  
of tomorrow  
is wrapped into  
the mountain forests

i turn away  
and walk  
into that darkness.

## TOD ESTES

### Coffee Sediment

She read my fortune  
from the depths  
of a pretty cup  
as she spoke  
I looked for it myself  
on the river bank  
in my dreams  
of the Amazon  
where I ran  
amongst women  
children of many colors  
broken hearts, she said  
along the riverside  
I see them, too  
in the fertile river soil.

Missing You

Summer of souls  
what does it mean  
she asked  
autumn's perfect moment  
I speculated  
in a newspaper  
a soldier worked  
into the mud  
by tank tracks  
spoiled by the war  
which one  
guess what  
she told me  
a dead body  
a bed of flowers  
what's the difference  
between the sides  
of the road  
as we drive along  
on our way



## The Train to Martinez

A.F. DRAPER

I  
After I awaken

After I wake and before I am awake and before I open my eyes  
I almost always sink into a dread  
I sink into a profound dread I sink into dread.

I did not open my eyes this morning I could not open my eyes  
I did not open my eyes after I had awakened  
and I saw my dead mother's face the face of my mother  
and the broken countenance of my brother the face of my brother  
murdered my dead murdered brother.

After a long time

after lying there a very long time with my eyes closed I slept again  
once more I slept and I dreamed again  
I dreamed of my mother when she was young and I dreamed  
again of my brother when he was a child.

II

After I had awakened again

after I had once again awakened when I was awake I got up this time  
I awakened and I got up at once got up and found myself  
in a room I was in a room  
a room in which I could not remember ever having been  
a room I could not remember ever having seen  
a room I had never been in.

No books no pictures in that room in that room there was  
no soap no toothbrush in that room no photo  
stuck inside the mirror's frame no photo  
of my old mother or my brother murdered murdered so long ago.

I am certain I am almost certain that I have a brother  
or that I had a brother but he was murdered  
murdered long ago and now there is no photo.

### III

Clothes are hanging hanging there hanging on a hook  
they are hanging there about my size  
but I don't remember  
I don't remember ever having worn them.

There there in those clothes in the pockets of those clothes there  
there is money there not much money but there is money there  
and there is a passport.

In the passport there is a photo there a photo that perhaps  
is my photo I don't know a photo of me perhaps but a very poor likeness  
or perhaps it is a photo  
of someone who resembles me I am not certain I am quite uncertain  
but the name the name in the passport is one  
I have no recollection of ever having seen or ever having known.

## IV

Outside and outside beyond the windows  
 outside the room are cupolas and small domes I had never seen  
 domes I do not remember ever having seen  
 and small domes and cupolas topping slender towers  
 and there beyond the windows are churches whose church walls  
 lean dangerously over streets and these walls  
 are sustained by frail flying buttresses and over them are  
 cupolas and small domes.

Then I walked circumspectly among churches and leaning walls  
 I had never seen before and I walked along streets and paths  
 I had never trod and I searched the passing faces for a face  
 I knew but I never saw one not a single one  
 nor a street I had ever walked on.

I saw only a drayman beating a horse.

I seem to recall that this is how my brother died.  
 He died of a beating a long time ago.

I did not intervene I mean I did not intervene against the drayman  
 the drayman beating with a plank the staggering horse.

## V

The woman the woman with the bloated face the woman  
 behind the counter patiently and repetitiously repeated over  
 and over again that I was not a missing person because my number

the number in my wallet not the number in my passport but the number in my wallet was not a number she had in her files the files of missing persons.

and my photo also like my number was not in her files even a poor likeness of myself was not in her files and so she told me there was no possible way I could be a missing person.

Then she gave me a catalog and she repeated several times that in that catalog were all the region's missing persons.

There were names and descriptions and photos of thousands of missing persons.

I read every description and I scrutinized every photo every one of them.

And my photo and my description were not there were not among them.

## VI

The woman with the bloated face the woman behind the counter gave me a book a book of local laws and she waved that book that book of laws before my face and she told me that in that book there were laws there that said one must be caught caught and tried before being punished and also that one could be caught and punished for crimes undetected crimes no one had seen or discovered and one could be punished without a trial punished without being tried.

I had not established myself as a missing person  
and so I was told told by the woman with the bloated face  
the woman behind the counter that I would be caught and tried  
caught tried and punished if I did not leave.

And so I left.

## VII

In the street a drayman was beating his horse  
with a plank with a long heavy plank and a policeman was directing  
tourists directing tourists toward the cathedral  
and when I asked him he told me there is no written law  
against the beating of horses.

I did not intervene but I looked in my book of laws  
and in my book of laws were laws concerning ownership and usage  
of land payment of debts spitting in public places and incest and sodomy  
but there is nothing no nothing  
concerning the beating of horses.

And so I did not intervene and the horse kneeled struggled  
to get up turned onto its side quivered and died  
and I did not intervene.

## VIII

Inside the door recently painted inside the door through which  
I entered is a suitcase an imitation leather suitcase bulging  
and obviously full and tied with twine knotted twine



knotted in many places.

I had never been through that door I had never entered through that door before nor had I been in that room but there there was a note on the suitcase in my mother's hand which said I was evicted.

My brother's photo was propped against the suitcase at least I think it is my brother my murdered brother (Oh, I did not intervene!) I think it is him but perhaps younger younger than I remember him.

## IX

And there is an envelope an envelope propped there against the suitcase and there is a name there on the envelope a name I do not recognize but that name is written in my mother's hand and so I presume that name on the envelope is my name but I could be wrong I could be wrong and maybe it isn't my name but anyway I will open the envelope.

Inside the envelope is a ticket a train ticket and that ticket one ticket only and only a one way ticket is a ticket for the train to Martinez.

I am not a missing person I am evicted I have a ticket only one ticket and only a one way ticket to Martinez.

I have no where else to go.

So I have decided to go there to go to Martinez.

I have decided to take the train to Martinez.

## HELL-BENT: Where We Were Going

Hell-bent and drinking right out of the bottle  
we burned up Highway 202  
through the heart of the most spectacular clear-cut you'd ever seen.  
It was the third day of July and almost hot  
and I wore a turquoise cotton dress wet  
from when I slipped in a sweet branch of the Nehalem.  
We chased crayfish bright as boiled lobsters  
and you called them "crawdads."  
On a mossy, blooming rock in that creek I goaded you  
until you proved it - you really weren't man enough.

Hell-bent and drinking sour mash from Tennessee  
we cruised down Highway 202  
and you looked like a goddamn movie star in a White Sox cap,  
all teeth and sunburned blond with the devil's own name,  
your arm out the window of your red Ford pick-up.  
My skirt dried in the wind  
and I leaned my head against your red vinyl and sang.  
Those burr-cut coastal hills rang with my homesick Texas howl -  
"Deep within my heart lies a mel-o-dee..."  
Coyote slunk in the slash and you barked at it and said "Wolf."

Hell-bent and opening a new bottle  
we scorched the miles on Highway 202.  
The ruined forest echoed with our allied laughter.  
I rued the moss-stains on my turquoise dress.  
You beat your denim thighs to spondaic Hemingway  
as I read to you above the wind. You did Brando and Bogart and Cagney  
and an Olivier that brought out the Hepburn in me,  
but when we heard a raven, you called it "crow."  
And I wished I were beautiful and you were man enough  
and we could drive that road forever.

CAROLYN DUNN

**The Old and the Young**

The earth's plates persevere and crunch  
all over the planet. We take our  
cue from them.

Flags and money slip all over.  
Our stomachs are tight, having  
dreamt things from which  
our mirror eyes could  
not turn.

Even as we  
receive instructions on how to  
fasten bookcases to the wall  
and not build where  
the Santa Ana winds blow  
we turn, and whisper  
to the silky hair of our  
children  
beneath our longing kiss.  
They wave and say  
something as their side moves,  
leaving the trees over  
here  
and some sort of space  
over there.





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